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Spencer the Rover

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SPENCER

THE ROVER.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.



THESE words were composed by Spencer the Rover,
Who had travelled most parts of Great Britain
and Wales ;

He being reduced caused great confusion,
And that was the reason he set off on the rails.

In Yorkshire, near Rotherham, he being on his
rambles,

Being weary of travelling he sat down to rest,
At the foot of yon mountain where runs a clear
fountain,

With bread and cold water himself did refresh.

It tasted more sweet than the gold that he wasted,
Sweeter than honey and gave more content ;
For the thought of his babes lamenting their father
Brought tears in his eyes which made him lament

The night fast approaching to the woods he resorted
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make ;
He dreamt about sighing, lamenting and crying,
Come home to your children and rambling forsake

On the fifth of November, I've reason to remember,
When first I arrived to my family and wife ;
She stood so surprised to see me arrive,
To see such a stranger once more in her sight.

My children came round me with their nice prattling stories,
With their nice prattling stories to drive care
away ;

So we're united together like birds of one feather,
Likebees in one hive contented we'll be.

Now I am placed in my cottage contented,
With roses and woodbines that hang round my
door,

And as happy as those that have plenty of riches,
Contented I'll stop and go rambling no more.